



#### IRELAND'S VANISHED GREEN.

Few Trees Remain of Her Once Enormous Supply.

There is perhaps no feature of Irish scenery more characteristic and depressing than the almost universal absence of those traces of woods which in other countries soften the outlines of hills and valleys. The traveler, gazing on its bold mountains and treeless glens, can hardly believe that Ireland was at one time covered from shore to shore with an almost uninterrupted succession of trees and shrubbery. So numerous are its place names derived from the growth of woods, shrubs, groves, oaks, etc., that, as Dr. Joyce says, "if a wood were now to spring up in every place bearing a name of its kind, the country would become an almost uninterrupted succession of forests." On the tops of the barest hills and buried in the deepest bogs are to be found the roots, stems and other remains of these ancient woods, mostly of oak and pine, some of the bogs being literally full of stems, the splinters of which burn like matches.

The destruction of these woods is of comparatively recent date. Cambrensis, who accompanied Henry II into Ireland in the twelfth century, notices the enormous quantities of woods everywhere existing. But their extirpation soon began, with the gradual rise of English supremacy in the land, the object in view being mainly to increase the amount of arable land, to deprive the natives of shelter, to provide fuel and to open the country for military purposes. So anxious were the new landlords to destroy the forests that many old leases contain clauses coercing tenants to use no other fuel. Many old trees were cut down and sold for 12 cents. On a single estate in Kerry after the revolution of 1688 trees were cut down of the value of \$100,000. Every landlord cut down, scarcely any one planted, so that at the present day there is hardly an eightieth part of Ireland's surface under timber.—*St. Louis Republic.*

#### BILL AND THE MULE.

#### Together With the Old Man's Idea of Their Intelligence.

I had been riding around over the mountains since early morning looking at timber and exploring roads leading to it, and about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when I struck the main road again, I met a long legged mountaineer walking by the roadside with a staff in his hand and a yellow dog at his heels. He stopped as I approached, and, knowing what that meant, I pulled up to learn what he might want.

"Scuse me, stranger," he said, letting that pass for the usual salutation, "but have you seen anything in yer travels uv my boy Bill an' a mule?"

It was a rather vague proposition, and I asked for plans and specifications.

"Well," he explained in a drawl, "the mule is just a mule, but Bill is a knock-kneed, whopper-jawed, freckle-faced, sore-topped, cross-eyed, pie-eyed, lop-sided kind uv a runt in town like clo's an straw hat."

"I saw a mule," I explained, "about an hour ago down the main road, and when I got over to the branch that comes in here I saw a boy in tow lines and a straw hat, but the mule didn't have either bridle or saddle, and I hardly think it could be the one the boy had been riding."

"I reckon you're wrong thar, stranger. All Bill had to ride with was a paw-paw bark string to bite lower jaw, an' I'e not he went to sleep an' plumb fell in an' the mule just went plirkin along last anyways. Much obliged, stranger. I reckon I'll be gittin by."

We parted, and he started off along the branch road.

"Oh, say," I called to him, "the boy is that way." I saw the mule down the main road."

"That's all right, mister," he answered cheerily. "I'm lookin for the boy. The mule's got sense enough to come home himself."—*Washington Star.*

#### How They Won.

In "The Gambling World" by Rouge et Noir, two brothers, Russians, are recorded as having played at Homburg and won about 500,000 francs.

One of the brothers for some time watched the play, without staking, and noticed the frequent recurrence of the same numbers. He discovered that it was to the fact that in cleaning the roulette the servant was obliged to press heavily on certain parts which took a polish with difficulty. Through this some spots of the brass were depressed in a manner imperceptible to the eye, but palpable in its results. The rolling ball was directed from its legitimate course by these inevitable indentations; hence certain numbers were sure to win repeatedly during the day, while others never turned up. On this knowledge the brothers acted. When they had gained 10,000 francs a day, they gave up play and did not return till next day. Hence their final success. But theirs was no system in the usual sense.

#### Eating Oysters.

Surely the queerest way of cooking an oyster is that mentioned in the year 1672, when Richardson, the fire-eater, took a live coal on his tongue, on this he put a raw oyster in its shell, while an attendant blew upon the coal, so that the brilliant series of triumphs which followed it.

Another instance of a quickly fulfilled prophecy was furnished by Pope Pius VII when he was told of Napoleon's escape from Elba: "You won't worry about it," he said; "it is a storm that will be over in three months." The story of the Hundred Days proved his holiness to be right to a few hours.

#### A Little Late for an Ingrest.

London carvers are sticklers for their rights. A boy held at a railroad station recently, owing to the railroad officials having lost the way bill, was opened, though it was consigned to a Hamburg museum, and the body of a young woman and two skulls were found inside.

The young woman is a mummified Persian and the skulls are prehistoric, yet the carver of the district insists on holding inquests on both mummy and skulls unless the museum people have them removed.

#### A Fatal Effort.

Mother. How did your face get that strained, agonized look in your photograph? Did the light hurt your eyes? Small Son. No, mummy. The man told me to try to keep still, an I did. Chicago Tribune.

#### Insnited.

Contractor—Ind. iron offer that alderman \$500, as I directed?

Secretary. Yes, Sir.

"How did he act?"

"He looked insulted."

"What did he say?"

"He said I ought to be in the penitentiary."

"What did he do?"

"He took the money."—*Chicago Tribune.*

#### The Invalid's Mecca.

Traveler—Is this a healthful locality? Native—Well, rather. We have had but one death in nine years, and that was the doctor.

Traveler—Indeed! And what did he die of?

Native—Starvation.—*Chicago News.*

#### WHERE IT REALLY RAINS.

Truthful Tales of the Heavy Spring Rains That Soak Kansas.

A reader in the east writes that there are telling them about the heavy rains in western Kansas. The reader says, he is suspicious of the man and thinks that his story is a lie. He says he has always understood that little or no rain falls in the western part of the state, but that this western Kansas man is telling a story about ten inches of rain falling in half an hour and wants to know if there is any truth in the statement. We have not kept track of all the rains that have fallen in western Kansas and of course cannot say as to the particular fall of moisture to which the man from Kansas refers.

We might say, however, that if the impression prevails in the effete east that it never rains in western Kansas it is a serious error. It is true that there are spells of drought when for several months there will not be sufficient moisture fall to wet a 2 cent postage stamp, but when it gets ready to rain out there the bottom seems to fall out of the sky.

The story is told of a man who was driving over the divide north of Dodge City when one of the showers came up. He was riding a buckboard, which has a bottom made by fastening the cleats between the axles with spaces of half an inch between the cleats. The water fell so fast that it could not run through the bottom of the buckboard as fast as it fell. Rushing down the side of the divide, the water struck a barb-wire fence and damed up until the water ran over the wire of the fence. This was because the rain came so fast that it couldn't get through between the wires of the fence.

On the same trip the traveler says he saw a jack rabbit drown while it was jumping through the air. The same traveler declares that within half an hour the water was three feet deep on the ridge and falling faster than it could run on both sides of the hill. We have supposed that possibly the traveler in his excitement might have exaggerated, but there are residents in Dodge City who stand ready to prove the truth of the story by showing the ridge where the buckboard stood during the rain and the place in the air where the jack rabbit was when it drowned.—*Topeka Mail.*

#### FOOLED KIT CARSON.

How a Clever Indian Outwitted the Great Scout.

Kit Carson's rifle, which was carried by him for more than 40 years and which never failed him, is now a precious relic in the possession of the Montezuma Lodge of Masons at Santa Fe, of which he was a member.

As matchless, and no one understood better than he the habits and the nature of the savage. He told Colonel Juan of Espana that he was deceived but once by Indian tactics. He said that he was hunting with six others after buffalo in the summer of 1855; that they had been successful and came into their little bivouac one night very tired, intending to start for the rendezvous at Bent's fort the next morning. They had a number of dogs, among them some excellent animals. These barked a good deal, and seemed restless, and the men heard voices.

"I saw," said Kit, "two big wolves sneaking about, one of them quite close to us. Gordon, one of my men, wanted to fire his rifle at it, but I did not let him, for fear he would hit a dog. I admit that I had a sort of idea that those wolves might be Indians, but when I noticed one of them turn short around and heard the clashing of his teeth as he rushed at one of the dogs I felt easy then and was certain that they were wolves sure enough. But the red devil fooled me after all, for he had two dried buffalo bones in his hands under the wolfskin, and he rattled them together every time he turned to make a dash at the dogs. Well, by and by we all dozed off, and it wasn't long before I was suddenly aroused by a noise and a big blaze. I rushed out the first thing for our mules and held them. If the savages had been at all smart, they could have killed us in a trice, but they killed one of my men, putting five bullets in his body and eight in his buffalo robe. The Indians were a band of Sioux on the war trail after a band of Snakes and the Indians ambushed us the next morning, but we got wind of their little game and killed three of them, including the chief."—*Chicago Record.*

#### Some Prophecies Fulfilled.

Long before his name was known outside his native country Oliver Cromwell was making one of his rambling speeches in the house of commons. Lord Digby asked Hampton who he was, and Hampton replied, "If ever we should come to a breach with the king, that shaven will be the greatest man in England." Never was any prophecy more completely fulfilled than this.

Almost equally remarkable in its way was Daniel's prophecy. "But a time will come when you will hear me," made when nothing appeared more unlikely than the brilliant series of triumphs which followed it.

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#### SELLING A SAFE.

Experiences of the Owner and of the Man Who Got It Secondhand.

"When I fitted up my office in the Blank building," said the man, "I bought everything new and of the best. This included desks, chairs, letter press, a rug, a clock, a grand or two and a few other articles. One of the newest things I had was a fire and burglar proof safe. It had a landscape on the door and my name is in gilt letters, and though I hadn't much to put into the box it had a look of prosperity to make me smile. It wasn't a bargain, but I had to come down with a good lot of cash, and it was a week before I got it just where it would show off to the best advantage.

"I had the office fire months and then changed my business and wanted to sell the furniture. It was as good as new, and I fondly believed that it would be snapped up at a loss of about 15 per cent. I trotted out to a secondhand dealer, and he took his time about coming up. When he finally appeared, he offered me about one-fifth of what I had paid, and he wasn't anxious at that. I tried four or five others, but the first figures were the best. I was knocked out, but I made the sale, all except the safe. I went to a safe man to dispose of that. He came and looked it over, found fault with the make and offered me just one-fourth of its cost. I bounced him out and brought in another, but he offered less. I had every dealer up before I got through, and each and every one found fault and insulted me with his low price. I finally got mad and determined to beat the gang. I went all through the building, but no one wanted a safe or the two or three who did had no cash to pay for it. Then I spent \$10 in advertising and had two dozen callers. No one would offer me a third of what I had paid, although there wasn't a scratch or mark on the safe."

"You see," continued the man as he gritted his teeth and scowled, "I had to keep the office and pay rent as long as that safe remained. I was trying to get a decent figure for it I paid out \$90 rent. The \$10 for advertising made \$70, and telegrams and postage amounted to two or three more. I hung on to a dog to a root, bound to see the thing through, and at last a customer came. He was from Virginia, and after talking for two hours he offered me one-fourth of first cost. Realizing that it was the best I could do, I closed with the offer and walked off. In moving the safe it broke through the floor and cost him \$10, and in lowering it from the window it fell and busted the sidewalk and the door was broken off. By the time he got it home it had cost him more than a new one, while I was out over \$200. If he hadn't turned up, I should probably be paying rent on that office yet. It was a lesson I shan't soon forget. I feel sure that I could work off a secondhand piano, bike, sewing machine or coal stove, but when it comes to selling off a safe I throw up my hands. They give an air of business and importance to an office and are good things to hold bills payable and paste pots, but if I start again a market basket will be good enough for me."—*New York Sun.*

Paunished With Starvation.

In the whole wide world there is not a class of people to be found who inflict severer punishment upon themselves

than the Caribs of Central America.

Their religion, which is one of the most peculiar kind, demands self-punishment for sins intentionally or unintentionally committed.

The punishment takes the form of starvation and close confinement.

If the sin be in the form of a lie, no

matter whether it is calculated to injure another or not, the sinner goes without either food or drink for three days, at the end of which it is believed that the offender has paid the penalty for his or her sin.

Along in the season, for some good reason, it became necessary for the family to move into a city. The little negro girl was wanted, for she had much skill in soothing the childish woes of the heir to the estate. So it was decided that she must accompany the expedition. From the time she entered the carriage to ride to the railway station Phoebe Ann was in a state of suppressed excitement. She sat beside "Miss Amy," as she called her mistress, and, with staring eyes, took in all that passed without comment.

When she was taken into the train, her wonderment was amazing. She sat gazing greedily on the cushions, looked out of the window, and generally seemed uncertain concerning the possibilities of the future.

She was silent until the train commenced to move. Then her fear took shape. She saw the landscape passing rapidly before her, and her eyes filled, her lip quivered, and she sniffling audibly.

"What's the matter, Phoebe Ann?" asked her mistress.

"Oh, Miss Amy," wailed the pickaninny,

"when all dem houses and trees ar

ain goin at."

A seat on the floor was the only means

possible to quiet the fears of the child.

Louisville Dispatch.

#### MEXICAN STREET NAMES.

The Confusion From Changes Is Easily Straightened Out.

The street names of Mexico are something really appalling to the newcomer. Some years ago the streets of the city were renamed systematically, with numerical avenues running east and west and streets north and south, and although the new names are prominently posted on all the corner houses they are never used except in official documents. Every one uses the old names. Many of these are place names, or streets are named for some occurrence or tradition or for the character of the trades that formerly predominated in them. The number of names is infinitely multiplied because each block is regarded as a street and has a separate name.

When the name of a street contains the same through more than one block, the various squares are designated as first, second, third, etc. Many of the street names seem very odd to foreigners. Those named for the deity and religious

personages are numerous. For instance, there is the Heart of Jesus street and the street of the Holy Ghost, Ave Maria street and the avenue of the Love of God. Others are the street of the Saint of the True Cross, the arches of Bethlehem and the Cross of St. Sunday street, the bridge of St. Peter and St. Paul and the street of the Crosses of Sorrow.

The street of the Seven Princes may no longer be inhabited by royalty, but the avenue of Illustrous Men was named for real persons. The street of the Lost Child derived its name from a popular tradition, but the avenue of the Fifth of May was named for a famous battle with the French. There are a large number of the capital's streets named for living things. There are street of the Little Bird, street of the Fish, Bull street and Goat street and streets of the Flies, Rats and Roosters. Then there are the streets named for various tradesmen, as the streets of the Hatters, Tobacconists, Coachmen, Milkmen, etc. One short block glorifies in the name of the street of the False Entrance of St. Andrew. The alley of the Little Candlesticks, the street of Heads, the street of a Thousand Wonders, the square of the Thief are other oddities—Modern Mexico.

## FOUGHT FOR EVERY FOOT

Warren Advances Two Miles After an All Day Struggle.

BULLER'S MEN ALSO ENGAGED

Boer Forces Driven From Three Positions—British Losses on Saturday Were Nearly Three Hundred—Difficulties of Transportation Increase.

London, Jan. 22.—The justifiable severity of the censorship at the present moment prevents the special correspondents from giving additional information to supplement General Buller's latest dispatch. The success of the movement depends almost entirely upon how far he proves able to outmaneuver the Boers, whose available forces are doubtless larger than his own. The chief difficulty lies in the ability of the Boers to transport men, stores and ammunition quickly and to intrench new positions. Secrecy regarding General Buller's progress, therefore, is essential, and the public here is quite content to wait patiently.

From the information which the censor has allowed to pass it is as yet impossible to form a correct notion of the British tactics. One thing, however, is quite clear. The British commanders have profited by experience and are now avoiding infantry charges, giving preference to the more judicious use of artillery. The general idea is that Sir Redvers Buller, with his 8,000 men and 18 field guns, is holding the northern bank of the Tugela at Potgieter's drift, while Sir Charles Warren, with about 12,000 men, 30 guns and a large force of cavalry, is working around the right bank of the Boers eight or ten miles away.

One account of Saturday's fighting says that the British had few killed. Little reliance can be placed upon these reports, and, although the main position of the Boers has not yet been attacked and nothing is known as to its strength, Saturday's and Sunday's fighting, which can hardly be described as more than outpost affairs, evidently entailed serious losses.

The Boers are following their old time tactics, making a show of resistance and then retreating in good order to prepared positions, and as they are working from the interior of their lines they may be able to bring strong forces to defend the main position.

Nothing is heard regarding any counter attack by Sir George White from Ladysmith, and General Buller's "I think we are making substantial progress" remains the last word. This shows that there is still some very hard work in front of the British forces.

The news from other points is of slight interest. General Kelly-Kenny's division has been sent by General Gatacre to form an advanced base at Rosmead Junction.

The following dispatch from General Buller, dated Spearman's Camp, Jan. 21, 9 p.m., has been posted at the war office: "Warren has been engaged all day, chiefly on his left, which he has swing forward a couple of miles. The ground is very difficult, and as the fighting is all the time up hill, it is difficult to say exactly how much we gain, but I think we are making substantial progress."

**Details of the Fighting.**

A press dispatch, dated Spearman's Camp, Jan. 21, says: "After ten hours of continuous and terrible fire yesterday Generals Hart and Clegg advanced 1,000 yards. The Boers maintained an irregular fire during the night, but the British outposts did not reply."

**Merier Badly Defeated.**

Paris, Jan. 22.—General Merier received an unexpected rebuff Saturday when the old students of the Ecole Polytechnique, which furnishes a majority of the artillery and engineer officers to the army, met in the school theater to elect a president. Amid great excitement the ballot was taken, the result showing only 200 votes for General Merier against 1,000 for his adversary, Uzureau, and a few fight followed. General Merier's partisans declared that the ballot had been falsified. Tables and chairs were overturned, and General Boisasset, who presided, was hustled. Eventually order was restored, and a recount confirmed the defeat of Merier.

**Troops at Texas Court.**

Austin, Jan. 22.—An additional company of rangers has been ordered to Bastrop to remain there during the trial of the men charged with the murder of Arthur Berford, the son of Sheriff Burford of Colorado county, who was killed a few days ago by members of the Reece faction. The trial is set for next Wednesday, and subpoenas have been issued for 1,240 witnesses. The rangers will disarm every man as he enters the town. The government has ordered that every possible measure be taken to prevent further bloodshed. Jim Coleman, T. B. Daniels, J. W. and W. Reece were indicted for the murder of Burford.

**Imports into Port of Manila.**

Washington, Jan. 22.—The war department has made public a statement showing the imports at the port of Manila for the three months of July, August and September last, being the first official data relating to imports during so long a period since American occupation. The total value of merchandise entered at the Manila custom house for the three months named was \$7,802,581. In addition there was \$52,520 in gold coin and \$25,294 in silver coin from British India and \$32,707 in silver coin from China, bringing the aggregate of imports up to \$6,443,102, or at the rate of more than \$25,300,000 a year for Manila alone.

**Montagu White in Washington.**

Washington, Jan. 22.—Mr. Montagu White, formerly consul of the Transvaal republic at London and who, it is understood, is in this country to endeavor to obtain recognition as the diplomatic representative of the republic here, has arrived in the city from New York.

**Macrum Bears Important Letter.**

London, Jan. 22.—A special dispatch from Naples says that Mr. Macrum is reported to be the bearer of a letter to President McKinley from President Kruger in which the latter proposes peace terms based upon the status quo, with complete independence and a seven year franchise.

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Washington, Jan. 22.—The American hospital ship Maine, from the West India docks, London, Dec. 23, has arrived here. Lord Roberts will inspect the Maine on Monday.

**Funeral of John Ruskin.**

London, Jan. 22.—The body of John Ruskin, who died Saturday at his residence, Brantwood, Cumbria, will be in state Wednesday and Thursday in Cumbria church. The funeral will be held on Thursday.

**Weather Forecast.**

Fair; warmer; variable winds, becoming fresh southwesterly.

## PRO-BOER DEMONSTRATION

**Large and Enthusiastic Meeting in Washington.**

Washington, Jan. 22.—The Grand Opera House, the largest auditorium in Washington, was packed to the doors last night with an enthusiastic audience, which vigorously expressed its sympathy with the Boers in their fight with Great Britain. The demonstration was planned as a means of evidencing public sentiment and in numbers and enthusiasm was fully up to expectations. The speakers included members of both branches of congress, and on the stage were other public men who came merely to add their moral support. The keynote of the speeches was that the Boers were fighting for their independence, as our forefathers had done in 1776.

Among those who occupied seats on the stage were Senators Mason of Illinois, Allen of Nebraska and Tillman of South Carolina, Representatives Clark, De Armond and Cochrane of Missouri, Bailey of Texas, Carmack and Cox of Tennessee, Rhea, Jones and Lamb of Virginia, Sharpe of Colorado, Dovenor of West Virginia, Meyer of Louisiana, Sulzer of New York and Lentz of Ohio and Mr. Van Sicklen, representative of the Free State at New York, and others. Congressman Sulzer presided. Among the speakers were Senators Mason and Allen and Representatives Champ Clark and Bailey.

A number of letters and telegrams were received, including one from Senator Hale of Maine expressing regret at inability to be present and entire sympathy with the movement.

Resolutions condemning the action of the British government and calling the attention of President McKinley to the alleged fact that Great Britain was arming and mobilizing savages were adopted.

**Pro-Boer Meeting in Rochester.**

Buffalo, Jan. 22.—A pro-Boer meeting was held at the Lyceum theater last night. The building was packed, and thousands were outside clamoring for admission when the doors were ordered closed. Justice Woodward of the appellate division of the supreme court was to have spoken, but was unable to leave New York owing to pressing business. State Senator Mackey acted as chairman. Addresses of a strong pro-Boer nature were delivered by ex-Congressman R. B. Mahany, Rev. Farther Cronin, Rev. T. M. Powers, Rev. C. H. Kimball, Senator Mackey and others. A subscription in aid of the Boer hospital corps was taken up and over \$800 was handed in.

## Philadelphia Anglo-Saxons.

Philadelphia, Jan. 22.—A meeting of American citizens of English descent was held here yesterday, and an organization known as the "Anglo-Saxon Brotherhood" was formed to raise a fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of British soldiers and to aid English soldiers who have been disabled in the Transvaal war. A number of addresses were made in support of England. Thomas Rogers of this city announced that he had received over 200 letters from representative American citizens, all expressing a desire to co-operate in the movement for which the organization was founded. One of the letters, signed by Frederick H. Griffin of this city, states that if England supplies the ships "we can have in England within two months 200,000 volunteers and do it without breaking the international laws."

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## HERE'S WHAT'S WANTED.

**A Citizen of Portsmouth Supplies the Information.**

Over half the complaints of mankind originate with the kidneys.

A slight touch of backache at first. Twinges and shooting pains in the loins follow. They must be checked, they lead to graver complications.

The sufferer seeks relief. Plasters are tried, and liniments for the back.

So called kidney cures which do not cure.

The long-looked-for result seems unattainable.

If you suffer, do you want relief?

Follow the plan adopted by this Portsmouth citizen.

Mr. A. A. Shea, of No. 2 Langdon street, says:—"I had kidney trouble occasionally for two years or more. Whenever I contracted a cold or did any lifting, bad spells would come on me. I did not have much backache. It was the kidney secretions that distressed and annoyed me. While in pretty bad shape I was induced by the printed testimonial appearing in the papers to give Doan's Kidney Pills a trial, and I went to Fullbrick's pharmacy in the Franklin block and procured a box. After I stopped using them I felt no inconvenience from urinary difficulty. The lameness went with it. I consider this a good recommendation for Doan's Kidney Pills."

For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents.

Porter-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

## Horrors of Cuban Prisons.

Havana, Jan. 22.—Major Runcie, who has been at work for some time investigating the circumstances surrounding the detention in prison of persons charged with various offenses, to many of whom no trial has been granted, is engaged in preparing a report of a visit he recently paid to the women's prison. This institution he describes as "a den of filth and iniquity." He did not find a cat, a blanket or a female attendant in the prison, where several hundred women are confined. The sanitary conditions are almost indescribable. He says he cannot understand how such a place could have been tolerated in a so called civilized community. His examination reveals a state of affairs worse than anything yet written regarding Spanish mismanagement. What Major Runcie has already made known seems to astonish the Cuban officials. They assert that Senor Lanza is principally to blame, as in his position as secretary of justice in General Bocanegra's cabinet he ought to have discovered the existence of these enormities.

## Wrecked on Fenwick Shanks.

Leeds, Eng., Jan. 22.—The British steamer Sutton, with a cargo of iron ore from Portman for Philadelphia, ran on Fenwick Islands shoals in a dense fog and now lies a complete wreck. The United States revenue cutter Onondaga, which was in the neighborhood, was attracted by the signals and succeeded in saving the entire crew and their effects before the seas began to go over her. The wrecking steamer North America went to the scene of the wreck from the breakwater, but the wreckers returned, deciding that it was useless to waste time in trying to save her. Several vessels have been wrecked on the same shoal in recent years, including the steamer Elvina and the steamer North America.

## High Cost of Living.

The council quotes from one of the two newspapers printed at Cape Nome the following ruling restaurant prices: Steak, \$1.50 to \$3; reindeer steak, \$2; pork chops, \$1.50; boiled mackerel, \$1.50; coffee and doughnuts, 50 cents; corned beef hash, \$1; pickled pigs feet, \$1; mush and titik, 50 cents; clam chowder, 75 cents; sardines, per box, \$1; pork and beans, 75 cents; cheese with any order, 25 cents; ham and eggs, 82; three eggs, 82; fruit and jams, all kinds, each 50 cents; coffee or chocolate, 25 cents; one loaf of bread, 25 cents.

An ordinary two story dwelling of eight rooms rents frequently for \$200 a month. Freight taken from the beach, where it is loaded from steamers in barges, costs from 35 to 40 cents per hundredweight. For the delivery of heavy freight by horse team and wagon \$10 an hour is charged.

The ruling price for a shave is \$1 and for a hair cut \$1.50. A bath costs \$2. Fifty cents is charged for laundering a colored shirt, 75 cents for washing a colored linen shirt and \$1 for the rehabilitation of the jars and luxuriant garment known as the white shirt. Cigars and drinks cost 50 cents each. Longshoremen have received \$2 an hour for their labor. Carpenters receive \$1.50 an hour. The prevailing fare to Cape Nome just now from Seattle or Victoria is \$100 for first class and \$80 for second class passenger freight, \$40 a ton. The earliest date at which any of the steamers are advertised to sail for Cape Nome is May 1.

## Embezzled to Fight Boers.

Stamford, Conn., Jan. 22.—It is the belief here that James M. Fitzgerald, who until Saturday afternoon was employed as shipping clerk at the Waterside mills and his roommate, Frank Carroll, have taken their departure from this city to fight the Boers, and the expenses of their journey to South Africa will be paid out of \$350 that Fitzgerald will receive Saturday morning to pay the employees of the mill. Fitzgerald is about 30 years of age and came here from England about three years ago. He enlisted in the British army when but 16 years old and served in the Egyptian campaign.

## Kansas City Robber Caught.

Kansas City, Jan. 22.—Casper Marley, alias Martin, who is to be an actor and a traveling photographer, has been arrested here after defeating the police at a hard chase. Early yesterday morning he had poked two revolver shots into a bartender's face in an East Twelfth street saloon and made off with \$25, the contents of the till. At the station he confessed that he was the man who last Sunday had single handed robbed two restaurants in the center of the city and had a dozen people at bay.

## R. D. Blackmore Dead.

London, Jan. 22.—Richard D. Blackmore, the novelist, has died at Toddington. He was born at Longworth, Berkshire, in 1825, graduated at Oxford in 1847 and was admitted to the bar in 1852. Among his best known works are "John Vaughan," "Loring Doone," "Cripps the Carrier," besides poems and translations.

## Sixty Years an Editor.

Stroudsburg, Pa., Jan. 22.—Ex-Judge Schoch, the oldest editor in point of active and continuous service on one newspaper in the United States, is dead at his home here at the age of 86 years. Ex-Judge Schoch took charge of The Jeffersonian in 1840 and since then had been editor and publisher. He did work on his paper until quite recently.

## Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by Geo. Hill Druggist, Portsmouth.

Don't let the little ones suffer from eczema, or other torturing skin diseases. No need for it. Doan's Ointment cures. Can't harm the most delicate skin. At any drug store, 50 cents.

## CAPE NOME BONANZAS.

### Valuable Information Given by Our Consul at Victoria.

### WONDERFUL YIELD OF THE PANS.

Some Lucky Miners Clean Up \$1,500 in a Day—Four Hundred Thousand Dollars Taken Out of Snow Gulch Last Summer—High Cost of Living.

Washington, Jan. 22.—The Cape Nome fever has been made the subject of an official report to the state department by the American consul at Victoria, B. C., who gives exactly the information needed by gold seekers bound for Alaska. His investigations have been made with care and with a view of ascertaining what miners may expect and prepare for. His say the indications are that the rush to Cape Nome next spring will be something like that to the Klondike in 1898. The distance from Victoria is 2,500 miles, entirely by water, and the transportation companies have booked all the passengers that can be carried on the first trips of every steamer that can be secured. These companies compute that 65,000 persons desire to reach Cape Nome as soon as possible, and preparations are being made accordingly.

"The reports that had been circulating last season in regard to the gold discoveries at Cape Nome," the consul writes, "were quite generally disputed, the opinion being that the Athabasca and Klondike countries were more promising and also easier of access. But the last two steamers from the north effectively dispelled all uncertainties, the passengers bringing with them indisputable evidence that all along the beach in the vicinity of Cape Nome gold in paying quantities can be had for the digging. A number of these men have called at the consulate, exhibiting specimens of the gold, saying they dug it on the beach near the water's edge; that men with only hand shovels and the simplest and rudest of pans cleared from \$50 to \$100 and even \$200 a day, while sometimes a clean up of from \$1,000 to \$1,500 has been reported.

Nuggets worth from \$300 to \$400 were found near Avril creek, and it is believed \$300,000 to \$400,000 was taken out at Snow gulch last summer. One man, it is said, took out \$190,000, while another claims still more. Every one of the men who came down expressed his resolve to return in the spring, some even engaging return passage on the steamers on which they came down. According to their statements, the gold does not extend to a great depth, five or six feet being as low as any have yet found "paying dirt."

"There are now between 5,000 and 6,000 people at Nome City, Avril City, Cape York, Port Clarence and vicinity. The buildings are of course of the most temporary character. A large number are on the beach below high water mark, which does not tend to promote health although the extreme cold of six months of the year precludes epidemics."

### High Cost of Living.

The consul quotes from one of the two newspapers printed at Cape Nome the following ruling restaurant prices: Steak, \$

## CUT BOER LINE.

Published every evening, Sundays and holidays excepted.  
Terms \$4.00 a year, when paid in advance  
and a month, 2 cents per copy, delivered  
any part of the city or sent by mail.  
Advertising rates reasonable and made known  
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### FOR PORTSMOUTH

### AND PORTSMOUTH'S INTERESTS.

You want local news! Read the Herald. More local news than all other local papers combined. Try it.

TUESDAY, JAN. 23, 1900.

That Fitchburg lease is still in cold storage.

The mental decadence of Senator Hoar is truly pathetic.

Dawson City has been built up again and is ready for another conflagration.

General Otis wants dentists sent to the Philippines. They must have not only a pull but a strong one.

There is still a lurking suspicion that the British are walking into some Boer trap, north of Tugela.

The Boers read their bibles in the trenches and offer frequent prayers, but they don't hesitate to fight on Sunday.

A number of remedies for lynching are being suggested. The most sensible one seems to be, lynch the lynchers.

If cruisers can be built at the Charles-ton navy yard, they certainly can be built at this station, and they will be.

When John Ruskin died, the world lost one of the most notable men of the century. His services in behalf of art and culture are almost incalculable.

Some Philippino bandits have captured an American pack train, and it will supply the anti imperialists with oratorical ammunition for two months.

Count de Castellane needn't have taken the trouble to deny that he lost three million francs in the Paris bourse. Nobody cared a piece of taffy whether he did or not.

Conan Doyle is one of the authors in England who, instead of writing sonnets and rag-time "poetry" on the South African war, has shouldered a gun to do the real thing.

Jack Mason and Marion Manola are never at loss for advertising. Every thing else having gone stale, now they start a divorce suit and business will pick up immediately.

The hunt of the gipsey moth is no longer popular in Massachusetts. Now it's the style to take a shot gun and go after wild cats, in Newton and other towns around Boston.

The most beautiful woman in all Russia has been exiled to Siberia, for life, for having strangled her husband to death while he lay in a drunken stupor. Beauty is a dangerous thing to marry, sometimes.

The experiment of a Christian daily newspaper will be watched with a great deal of interest, in the profession and out. The attempt will be made with the Capital News, Topeka, Kansas, and no less a distinguished clergyman than Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, the author of "In His Steps," is to hold the editorial reins.

#### Gentlemen of Letters.

"Did you ever notice the resemblance between a boy and a man hunting for an office?" inquired the jaunty philosopher.

"The boy hustles around, gets the job, is called 'office boy.' Then he goes around, picks heroes from the schoolbooks, wonders why he's done the same poor work as the other chaps." Chicago News.

Not Surprised.

Skipper—I am indomitably sensitive to uncongenial surroundings, so much so that the very sight of some people will give me a nervous shudder.

Clipper—Oh, well, there are very few of us that do not shrink from meeting our creditors. Boston Courier.

## Dundonald Reported Inside Of Ladysmith.

## Pierced Besieging Condon With His Flying Column.

## Has Been Working To The Westward For Two Weeks.

DURBAN, Jan. 22.—It is reported here today that Lord Dundonald, of General Buller's army, has succeeded in getting through the cordon of Boers that hem in Ladysmith and is now inside the town, with sixteen hundred men. This news comes by way of Pietermaritzburg. It has not yet been confirmed through any official channel.

It is known, however, that Dundonald and his flying column have been operating far to the westward of Ladysmith, where the Boer line is rumored to be the thinnest, and it is not thought improbable that he may have found an entrance to the beleaguered place.

[Dundonald, with a force of cavalry, left Buller's main army on the morning of January 5th, on a reconnaissance to the westward, in the direction of Springfield. He encountered the Boers in considerable strength and won a victory which once more made hope buoyant in London. His troop is equipped to cover the country rapidly, and it would not be at all surprising if he has joined White's forces. What material advantage would be gained by it, however, is not manifest.—Ed.]

## THE BOERS CONTEST EVERY INCH OF GROUND.

LONDON, Jan. 23.—The Daily Mail has the following, dated Sunday night, from Spearman's Camp: There was hot fighting all day. At dawn our attack was resumed all along the line, and it was soon discovered that the Boers still occupied the range of hills, and their position is very strong. Today the Boers were driven from their trenches and took refuge behind rocks, with which the hills are strown. Our forces commenced the task of driving them out, but progress was slow. The enemy finally fell back to another kopje and the attack was recommenced with the utmost gallantry. The country is abundant in hills, which are favorable to guerrilla warfare. Our task is a hard one. The enemy were on the defensive almost the entire day.

The Daily Chronicle has despatch from the same place, which says: The Boers admit twenty-one casualties in the skirmish of Saturday. General Warren continues to push ahead, but is making slow progress. Our infantry is working on parallel ridges with Lord Dundonald's cavalry operating well out on the left. The Boers contest every inch of ground. A Boer prisoner brought in today boasts that it will take the English three months to reach Ladysmith.

## A FRONTAL ATTACK ORDERED.

LONDON, Jan. 23.—The Times has the following despatch from Frere Camp, dated Monday afternoon: On Friday General Warren began a circuitous march to the northward, but this had to be abandoned, owing to the fact that

Death of Mrs. Roswell Smith.

New York, Jan. 22.—Mrs. Roswell Smith, 73 years old, widow of the founder of The Century company, has died at her home here. It was Mrs. Roswell Smith who as Miss Annie Ellsworth, then a girl of 17, sent the famous first telegraphic message, "What God hath wrought." Her father, Henry L. Ellsworth, a son of Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth, was the first commissioner of patents and has been called the "father of the patent office." He had been a close friend of Professor S. F. Morse.

the enemy occupied every ridge commanding the south and making the maintenance of communication with the transports impossible. General Warren therefore returned to camp for the night. On Sunday a frontal attack on the ridge was ordered.

The correspondent of the Times at Lorenzo Marques telegraphed yesterday that news from the republic was exceedingly meagre, but it is reported that Pretoria is very much agitated, and it is even hinted that the Boers are about to sue for peace. It is an undoubted fact that they are disappointed at the antipathy of the powers.

## BRITISH CASUALTIES.

LONDON, Jan. 22.—Just before midnight the war office posted the following bulletin from General Buller, dated Spearman's Camp, 6:00 p. m.: "The following casualties are reported in General Hart's brigade, at the result of yesterday's fighting: Killed, Captain Ryall of the Yorkshires and five men; wounded, four officers and seventy-five men, eight missing. The other casualties will be forwarded as soon as they are received."

## NEWS FROM THE HOSPITAL SHIP.

LONDON, Jan. 22.—The ladies' committee of the American hospital ship has received from Lady Randolph Churchill, now at Cape Town with the Maine, the following despatch, dated yesterday: "We arrived here on the Maine yesterday. All are well. We start for Durban on Thursday."

## FATALLY INJURED.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—Henry A. Hazen, one of the chief professors of the weather bureau, was probably fatally injured today by being thrown from his bicycle. The accident occurred while the professor was on the way to the bureau. He ran into a colored man and was thrown from his wheel, striking on his head and fracturing his skull.

## CAN'T REACH THE HELGOLAND.

ST. JOHNS, F. F., Jan. 22.—The tempestuous weather continues and it is still impossible to reach and investigate the wreck of the Helgoland. No more bodies have been recovered, owing to the perilous sea.

## WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—Forecast for New England: Partly cloudy Tuesday, fair and colder Wednesday, fresh southwesterly winds.

## BRIGADIER GENERAL STANTON ILL.

OMAHA, NEB., Jan. 22.—Brigadier General F. H. Stanton, U. S. A., retired, is lying dangerously ill at his home here.

## Torres Defeats Yauquis.

Nogales, A. T., Jan. 22.—News has been received from the south that General Lorenzo Torres had engaged the Yauquis at Macayo on Thursday, killing over 200 and taking 500 prisoners. Father Bolton and several sisters of charity who have been held as prisoners of war by the Yauquis for the last six months were rescued by the victorious Mexicans and are now with General Torres. It is expected that this last important victory of General Torres will have the effect of scattering the Yauquis and will result in ending the war.

Gold Enters In Norway.

An American in Norway writes: "I recently went to a by no means unusual sort of dinner party given by a wealthy political man, where 23 courses composed the menu. Refraining from a statement of the number of wines accompanying this feast, let me offer for contemplation the fact that services 13 and 15, each of heavy meat, were divorced by course 14, a rich plum pudding with sweet sauce.

"Dinner began at 5 o'clock. The women left the table a little before 8. At 9 the men rejoined them for talk, music and cards, and at 11 the dining room doors again opened to reveal a supper table laden with every cold delicacy, from a bird to a canary sandwich, calculated to tempt and restore fainting humanity."

## Street Car Strike In Troy.

Troy, N. Y., Jan. 22.—Not a street car moved in this city yesterday. The United Traction company was completely held up by the men going out on strike at 6 a. m. The tie up is perhaps the most complete of the kind ever attempted. Three hundred and sixty-five men went out. The strike was the result of the action of Superintendent Edgar S. Fussell in refusing to consider an application from the Troy employees for 20 cents an hour and ten hours to constitute a day's work.

## Infant Books Destroyed.

Troy, Jan. 22.—Marshall O. Waggoner, the infant whose conversion to Christianity was recently announced, has burned his magnificent library, consisting of writings of infants. The ashes of the books rest in the bottom of the furnace of the Memorial United Brethren church of this city, to which he privately consigned them. Many of the volumes were exceedingly rare. There were a large number of manuscripts and first prints.

"Take time by the forelock." If your blood is out of order, begin taking Hood's Sarsaparilla at once and prevent serious illness.

"Cure the cough and save the life." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs and colds, down to the very verge of consumption.

## READY FOR A LONG SWIM.

A Bet of \$1,000 Which Paul Boyton Forfeited.

"We've got the crack swimmer of the world up our way," said a gentleman from Gloucester, Mass., who was in Washington last week. "His name is Joe Endicott, and he's a sailor. Last year Joe was an A. B. on bark down in the south Atlantic. He got into a row with the skipper of the ship when it was right in the middle of the ocean, 2,932 miles from nowhere, and the skipper, careless man, lost Joe—that is, he pushed Joe overboard. Joe got back to Gloucester 20 days later—swam, he said. There are now live, suspicious folks up in Gloucester who claimed that Joe must have been picked up by some fast steamer, but that couldn't be so, for Joe told me himself that he swam."

"Well, the skipper who had pushed Joe from the bark pulled into Gloucester harbor with his ship a couple of months later, and when he found Joe Endicott there ahead of him his admiration for Joe's swimming ability knew no bounds. He offered to match Joe against any man in the world when it came to long distance swimming. Paul Boyton, the famous long distance swimmer, heard of the skipper's challenge, and he turned up in Gloucester to see about it. The skipper offered to bet Boyton \$1,000 to \$300 that Joe Endicott would beat him in a long distance swim, and Boyton took the bet. The match was arranged. On the day when they were booked to start Boyton turned up on the dock with his fancy swimming togs on, but Joe Endicott appeared loaded down with a lot of waterproof bags tied all over him. There must have been about 100 pounds' weight tacked to Joe this way.

"What are those things?" asked Boyton, the famous swimmer, pointing to Joe's water tight bags.

"Provisions," said Joe.

"Provisions?" asked Boyton. "For whom?"

"For myself," replied Joe. "Got only a month's provisions along with me. Not taking more than that, for I can get all I want when I make the south coast of Africa."

Boyton's eyes stuck out until you could have knocked 'em off with sticks," concluded the gentlemanly lad from Gloucester, "and he declared the match off. He knew that he was up against too hard a proposition in Joe Endicott."

—Washington Post.

## OLD HUTCH" AND THE EGGS.

He Kept Close Watch on the Fluenc-tions in Price.

Here's a story about the late Benjamin P. Hutchinson. He opened a big meat market in Chicago once, mainly in exploitation of his many views as to how meat ought to be kept and what sort of meat ought to be sold. He was as proud of it as it was possible for a man to be proud of anything and often waited upon customers himself. Four women came in one day and bought ten pounds of steak which he sold to them at 12 cents a pound. As they went out one of his assistants said, "Five minutes ago, Mr. Hutchinson, you told me to mark that steak up to 15 cents." He stared at his subordinate a moment. Then the fact that he had lost 30 cents dawned upon him. He jammed his hat upon his head in a passion, rushed out and did not come near the shop for three days.

Some years ago he rented rooms in the Rialto building and formed an organization which he called the Century club. It was a place wherein his friends could meet him without restraint and wherein he could practice cooking to his heart's content. He hired a French chef, who in a little while became puffed with the idea that he was indispensable. "Old Hutch" promptly discharged him and presided at the kitchen range himself until he could get another man. One of the brokers entered during this interval and found him with a white apron hanging to his heels, a white paper cap on his head and his sleeves rolled up. The broker sat at a table and called harshly for the bill of fare. The great speculator responded promptly and politely:

"What am I here for, sir?" he asked.

"I am and eggs," was the response.

"And get a move on you."

The dish was prepared deftly and served in a little time. When it had been eaten the customer yelled:

"Here, cookie, more eggs!"

Mr. Hutchinson appeared in the doorway with a frying pan in his hand. He glared at the broker fiercely. Then he hung the pan on a nail and wiped his hands on his apron.

"George," he said, "you get no more eggs, blank your eyes! There's a strike on the Panama!"—Chicago Chronicle.

## STANDARD BRAND.

## Newark cement.

400 Barrels of the above Cement Just Landed.

## THIS COMPANY'S CEMENT

Has been on the market for the past fifty years. It has been used on the

## Principal Government and Other

## Public Works.

And he received the commendation of Gov-  
ernor Architects and Engineers generally.

Persons wanting cement should not be-  
lieved. Obtain the best.

## FOR SALE BY

JOHN H. BROUGHTON

## BUY ONLY THE BEST

## OLD CO. LEHIGH

## -COAL-

## FOR YOUR FURNACE OR

## STEAM HEATER.

The only full supply at

137 MARKET ST.

J. A. & W. A. WALKER

## ONLY \$5.00

SEND US \$5.00 for a

sample of our coal.

It will be sent you

as soon as we receive

your freight east

special factory price, and

will send you any quantity

## SCENTING THE TRAIL.

**THE BLOODHOUNDS' METHODS IN TRACKING FUGITIVES.**

**How These Keen Nosed Brute Detectives, That Cannot Be Bribed, Are Taught to Find and Follow the Course of Their Human Game.**

For over half a century bloodhounds have been trained in the south for man hunters. Before the war nearly all of the larger plantations had bloodhounds trained especially to pursue runaway slaves. In some cases plantation owners would club together and purchase a pack. Many white men in the south made it a business to train dogs especially for this purpose and accompanied them when they were needed for a "chase." Since the war the value of the hound is well known in following escaped criminals that today half breeds are almost as numerous as the others were years ago, although many were killed by soldiers and negroes during the war.

Dog fanciers say that probably not 25 pure blooded dogs of this breed can be found in the United States at present. The first of their kind came from the north of England, near the Scotch boundary line. According to old English records, they were not used for sporting purposes, but kept about the house as pets in the families of the nobility because of their courage and docility. The real bloodhound is anything but savage and vicious brute in his ordinary condition.

When aroused, however, he will attack man or beast with a ferocity which is equalled by no other breed. He never gives up as long as life lasts, and it is either death to himself or the object of his attack. The savage side of the dog is aroused by resistance, and he will seldom bite any one who does not offer it unless influenced by the scent of blood.

The negro in the slave days were well aware of this trait, and frequently, when run down, a darky would throw himself full length on the ground and remain motionless. The dogs would come up and, standing around, would bay until the pursuing party reached the fugitive.

Many a runaway, however, met his death in endeavoring to strangle the dogs or beat them off with a club.

The bounds of the pure species have an unusually long and narrow forehead, with eyes very large and soft and color of a dark tan or fawn. They are slightly smaller than the "liver pointer," standing about two feet above the ground. Their legs are short, but powerful, and they are not swift running dogs, but their scent is wonderful.

The manner of breaking them is to select a stretch of country about a mile long, with one or two small thickets on the "course." A negro boy puts on a pair of breeches, the soles of which have been rubbed with blood from a chicken. He is given a start of 20 minutes.

At the end of this time the animal is loosed. The trainer puts his nose to the spot where the negro started, and he is on the "scent" in a second, going at full speed across the country. In the thicket he may be puzzled, but in a few moments he strikes the trail again and, baying, indicates that he has found the fugitive. The scent is best early in the morning, before the sun has dried the dew on the ground, as the moisture seems to hold the odor better.

After a few trials the dog follows the negro simply by the odor of his feet.

Then a course is laid out which is more difficult. Several streams of water are crossed, and a start is taken during a hot day, four or five hours after the supposed fugitive has gone over the ground.

From one mile the course is lengthened to five. The dog may take half a day to complete it, as when he reaches a waterway he has to run up and down each bank until he finds where the negro entered the water and emerged. But his wonderful nose, constantly moving over the ground, usually proves an unerring guide, and seldom is he "thrown off" more than half an hour. A few months of this coursing, and the bloodhound is ready to act as a detective—one which cannot be bribed.

A mixture of the setter, pointer or some other breed of hunting dog with the bloodhound type answers for man hunting about as well as the pure breed, and the dogs thus obtained are much cheaper. Many are owned by country officers and carefully guarded, as criminals do not hesitate to poison them whenever possible. When a crime has been committed, the nearest dogs are sent for. The animals beat around the premises where the crime has been committed, like a pointer hunting for a partridge.

Some four or five hours may elapse before the dogs take the trail. They work around in a constantly widening circle until they find it. Then they like a pack after a fox, and the pursuers must whip up their horses to keep track of them if the trail is fresh. The outlaws in the southern states are well aware of the keenness of the pursuers and try every way to throw them off. They swim creeks, go through marshes, run on stones as much as possible, for the hardness of the surface causes it to retain but a very short odor unless wet.

Dogs used for man hunting for a term of years are not easily thrown off the trail at the banks of a stream. They jump in and swim over, running up and down the opposite side until they have found the spot where the fugitive has come out of the water. When four or five dogs are in pursuit and the scent is lost, each takes up a certain area and covers it thoroughly until the odor is again detected, when the pack start away together. They can follow it through swamps where the water is two and three feet deep by sniffing the marsh grass and the trunks of trees which they pass. The most difficult obstacle is dry land. If a fugitive can find a stretch of this half a mile in width, he is in a fair way to escape, for, as the impressions of his footstep are left in the soft material, they are immediately filled up with fresh sand, and much of the scent is obliterated.—Chicago Record.

### Came Near It.

A certain Sunday school teacher in town who has a class of boys of "assorted sizes" established the custom in her class of repeating each Sunday Scripture passage in unison until it was firmly imprinted in the "vagrant minds."

The selection for the Sunday in question was, "Tis I, be not afraid," and after the usual mental gymnastics had been gone through, after an expectant hush, one promising youth volunteered the information that he knew.

"Well, what is it?" asked the teacher. "It's me don't get scared," was his rendition of the verse.—Philadelphia Press.

### RODE ON AN AVALANCHE.

**A Fortunes Journey Made in Safety on a Log.**

George D. Williamson tells a thrilling story of his experience in a snowslide in the mountains of Hinsdale country.

Mr. Williamson and a companion had been to look at a mining claim in which they were interested and were returning along the trail when they came to a point at which there were evidences of a movement of the heavy mass of snow lying on the mountain side.

"I saw that it was liable to move again at any time," said Mr. Williamson, and started back with the remark that it was as much as a man's life was worth to attempt to cross the snow that had poured across the trail. From where we stood to the bottom of the gulch was about 1,000 feet, and we could see that the movement of the snow had stopped about 50 feet below the trail in which we were standing. I thought that by going around the snow carefully we could escape and save ourselves a long trip. I began climbing down the rocks on the edge of the slide. When I reached a point near the end of the slide, I looked back to where my friend stood at a safe distance and called to him that it was all right. A big dead tree had been brought down by the slide and rested on about three feet of snow packed quite solid. The top of the tree projected about 20 feet beyond the end of the slide. Instead of going around the tree I sprang upon the trunk, intending to leap from it to the ground on the other side.

"The moment I touched the log I knew I was gone. Whether the slide started of its own weight or whether my weight started it I will never know, but in an instant I was flying down the mountain. As the log began to move I dropped and fell astride it, grasping a limb in front of me with both hands. I heard the scream of my friend as I began to move and then heard nothing more except the terrible roar of the avalanche behind me. There were no trees in the way, and the log went as straight as a die down the mountain side, fortunately for me keeping on top of the snow.

"I don't know what I thought. There was no time to do much thinking, and all my energies were devoted to the maintenance of my position. We passed some dead bushes, the broken twigs from which were dashed into my face, cutting the skin, and the wind almost stopped my breath. At the bottom of the narrow gulch the tree stopped for an instant, but before I could get off the pressure of the snow behind it started it again, and it shot up the side of the opposite hill with scarcely any diminution of force.

"Gradually the avalanche spent its energy, and when the log came to a standstill I was sitting on it holding the limb tightly more than 200 feet up the mountain side, while behind me the snow, timber and rocks filled the gulch to the level of my position, forming a ridge 150 feet high.

"The whole thing was over in half a minute, and, except for the scratches on my face, I was unharmed. As I shook the snow off and looked around I saw my friend tearing down the mountain on the other side of the gulch with the expectation that he would find my mangled body under the debris. Needless to say, he was astonished when he heard of my remarkable ride on the back of death."

—Denver Republican.

### Gilmore's Generosity.

It was at the time when Gilmore was at the height of his Paris engagement that his agent ran off with his funds and left the old bandmaster almost stranded.

Despite his sincere trouble he retained his imperturbable good nature and came out of it successfully. He came to me one morning, smiling good naturally, as usual. After greeting me and inquiring after my health, he said, "My dear child, you have saved some little money on this tour." I told him yes.

"Now, I would like to borrow that little from you."

I was very much surprised at the request, for he said nothing whatever of his loss. Still he had been so uniformly kind and generous and had won our confidence and regard so wholly that I could not hesitate. I turned over nearly all I had, and he gathered it up and went away, simply thanking me. Of course, I heard of the defalcation later. It was all around. Our salaries went right on, however, and in a few months the whole thing had been quite forgotten, when he came to me one morning with my remarkable ride on the back of death."

—Denver Republican.

### Origin of Surnames.

Surnames were introduced into England by the Normans and were adopted by the nobility about 1100.

The old Normans used Fitz, which signifies son of, Fitzherbert. The Irish used O for grandson—O'Neal, O'Donnell, The Scottish highlander used Mac, as Macdonald, son of Donald. The Welsh used Ap, as Ap Rhys, the son of Rhys, Ap Richard. The prefix Ap eventually was combined with the name of the father: hence Prys, Pritchard, etc.

The northern nations added the word son to the father's name, as Williamson. Many of the most common surnames such as Johnson, Wilson, Dwyer, Nicholson, etc., were taken by Brabantines and others, Flemings, who were naturalized in the reign of Henry VI, 1435—Christian Advocate.

### Herotism.

The most truly heroic thing may be the refusal to appear as a hero. To resist a temptation to make a display of energy, courage or whatever is likely to show itself conspicuously in that which is visible to the world sometimes calls for the invincible employment of those very forces. It takes courage to be silent and "strength to sit still." Restraint and self control are in reality forms of high energy, physical and moral. At their best they constitute a heroism as noble as it is secret and invisible.

### A Pipe Dream.

"Smoking in Holland," said a traveler, "is so common that it is impossible to tell one person from another in a room of smokers."

"How is any one who happens to be wanted picked out, then?" asked a listener.

"Oh, a waiter goes around with a pair of tongs and blows the smoke from before each face till he recognizes the person called for! Fact, gentlemen!"—Chicago Tribune.

### Make Themselves Hideous.

The natives both of Riu and the neighboring group of the Moluccas, in the Carolina Islands, have the curious custom, remarked in the Visayas of the Philippines, the Peruvian Indians and the Taringa-Peru aborigines of Easter Island, of piercing the lower lobe of the ear and forcing it to grow downward in a large, unsightly flap.

### HE BOUGHT A FOREST.

**A YANKEE DEAL WITH A STRONG GOLD BRICK FLAVOR.**

**The Westerner Was Game, Though, and Had No Kick to Make Over the Transaction—A New England Village Election Trick.**

There are fewer people in the farming districts of New England than there are in the west. This is one reason why fewer "gold bricks" are bought in the east. But if the "gold brick" dealer is in no hurry New England is his field. The New England mind moves slowly not because it is great, but because it lacks confidence in itself, but when it comes down on a proposition nothing can loosen its grip.

A New England man will look at the old shell game for two or three summers and whittle and say nothing. Then when he thinks he is not watched he will put up all his possessions on the seductive chance and lost of course. But this characteristic of pause in the New England mind is not always to be taken as an evidence of credulity. There is, in spite of seeming paradox, no more cunning individual than this same New England farmer, who worships methodically and who, on the surface, "keeps all the laws."

A western man went to Massachusetts last winter on a speculation. The statement, unattended by explanation, would warrant an expression of doubt. Western men do not go into New England to speculate as a cold proposition. In this case the western man had a whim to satisfy. His daughter, who had read "The Courtship of Miles Standish" until it was copied truth to her mind, persuaded him to buy a farm in Massachusetts.

It was stipulated that the farm should have trees. They were to be pine and cedar and similar hardy growth, which the snows of winter would not affect. It is curious that a man accustomed to the practical life of the west should have a fancy of this sort, but there are streaks in the human mind which no philosophy can explain.

One old man in the Bay State who represents the third generation on the place heard that a western man was "looking about to buy." No one will ever know when this New Englander incubated the idea of selling the homestead. It might have been lurking for a quarter of a century. During one of the big snowfalls the western man visited, by arrangement, the farm. The owner had waited to make the appointment. Another evidence of the pocky characteristic of the New Englander. But wait until you see the method in his lingering.

The western man arrived late in the day and after a hearty New England supper retired. On the following day he was piloted through the snow over the farm. Pines and cedar and everlasting growth were everywhere. Even in the acreage, where three generations had plowed and harvested, there were trees and shrubs. The westerner had never seen a farm like this. The old New Englander explained that the soil was so productive of evergreens that he had to postion planting often in order to grub the underbrush.

There is nothing like bucking up your bluff. The westerner, although accustomed to stiff games, was taken in by the saintly New Englander. That night the purchase money was paid by the westerner. He left quite early the following morning for New York, closed up the deal and started west. He was to have possession of the New England farm in May.

He came back in May with his wife and daughter and reached the "old home- stead" in the evening. Only a keeper was on the premises. The former owner had moved out so that the new one might have possession of all at once. The following day the western household was out early to look over the place. There was no snow on the ground. The evergreens, the pines and cedars were everywhere, just as the westerner had told his wife and daughter. But the wife, a practical sort of woman, who hadn't much use for Longfellow, asked "pa" why the trees were in tubs and buckets.

Was the New England mind slow? The man who represented the third generation on this farm, having learned that your western farmer was on a sentimental purchase, bought up all the trees in boxes and tubs, such as you see in summer gardens and in barrel places, and had them stacked away until a big snow dropped all over New England. Then they were planted about the old place, and the snow was packed about the boxes to hide them.

Your western man, who salted mines and sold them to eastern capitalists, thought he was smart. I am told by the man who related this transaction, and he is rated high, that when the western man saw that he had bought a "gold brick" he never squealed. He was too thoroughly western for that. He just said to his wife: "Well, the old New Englander didn't lie about it. He never said the trees were in the ground." And now "an old New England farm" is on the books of a real estate agent. In case of sale "immediate possession" is guaranteed.

On one occasion, says the Berlin Borsenreuter, he was invited with the other Heidelberg professors to dine with a Baden prince. He entered the room after the guests had assembled, and one of his colleagues turned to him and said:

"Excuse me, Herr Geheimrath, but what have you done with your orders?"

Bunsen was taken aback. He thought for a moment, and then plunging his hand into his left trouser pocket pulled out a fist full of stars and crosses.

As soon as they recovered from their astonishment every one began to laugh, but Bunsen said good naturedly, "Oh, I have a lot more," and pulled another handful out of the right hand pocket of his trousers.

The villagers of a New England town not far from the farm sold to the westerner held an election. One of those local issues came up that often distract a whole county.

A few miles out of town about 200 laborers were engaged. They had been in the county just long enough to entitle them to the franchise so dear to the newcomer. Two hundred votes will change the result of a village election.

The laborers went to their work before the polls opened. They started on their return by ten in an hour before the polls closed. When half way back, the engine came to a standstill. The engineer dropped sand and opened the valves, but the wheels of the engine went round like a windmill. The engine wouldn't budge.

The villagers, who had not enough votes to carry their ticket on account of the new vote that had been dumped, had greased the rails. The new vote did not reach the village until the polls were closed. The villagers of a sleepy New England town had beaten a corporation.

### A GAMBLING EXPERIENCE.

**The Wide Awake Captain Won by Copying the Colonel's Game.**

"It isn't many men who have beaten a brave game," said an old steamboat captain, "but I enjoyed that experience in Acapulco one night, at the time gambling was wide open everywhere along the river. I was steered into the place by a pleasant spoken chap, who had scraped acquaintance at the hotel, and I saw immediately that I was against a lot of robbers. I realized, however, that I would probably get sandbagged if I raised a row, so I concluded to sit down at the faro table, lose a few dollars and then take some excuse to go out.

"I bought a stack of chips, and had just started to play when two new men came in, one of them evidently a 'caper' for the house and the other a drunken planter. From the significant glances of all hands it was plain that a rich prize had been landed, and as they made room for the poor dupe at the table, the dealer asked me very courteously to cash in my chips and quit. You see, they wanted to get rid of me so as to devote their entire attention to plucking the planter, and the dealer gave as a reason that 'Colonel' was an old friend and liked to have the game to himself."

"That gave me my cue, and I told him pretty shortly that I intended to remain where I was. 'Oh, let him stay,' grunted the planter, good naturedly, and the chap behind the table, scowling like mad, renamed the deal. The drunken man slumped down \$50 at a time, and I followed him with \$5 a shot, playing opposite. In other words, when his bet was open mine was 'copped,' and vice versa. It was impossible for them to win from me without losing to me, and I could hear the whole crowd gritting their teeth every time I gathered in the chips. They wanted my gore, sure, but didn't dare molest me for fear of alarming the planter.

"I kept it up until I had won about \$100, and then I cashed in and sauntered off, leaving the victim at his game. I learned to give him a tip, but that would have meant certain death. His presence and lack of suspicion were the only things that saved me. I never heard how much he lost."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

—*In a Powder Mill.*

**PRECAUTIONS Taken to Provide Against Every Form of Accident.**

The danger buildings of a powder mill are themselves so constructed that not a nail head or iron in any shape is exposed, and the roofs are made slight, so as to give easy vent to explosions. The garments of the workers are pocketless, so that they cannot carry knives or matches, or, indeed, anything, and are made of noninflammable material. Even the buttons must not be of metal. No one is allowed to go about with trousers turned up at the bottom, because grit is collected in that way, and the merest hard speck of foreign matter in a charge of gunpowder is fraught with danger.

The entrances to danger buildings are protected by boards placed edgeways, so that when the door is open nothing in the shape of dirt can work in. This also serves as a check to any one who might thoughtlessly proceed to enter without having first removed his boots and put on the overalls that are kept just inside the door. Doors are made to open outward, so as to enable them to escape the more readily, and on the approach of a thunderstorm the works are stopped and the operatives repair to the different watch houses scattered over the 300 acres covered by these extensive works.

Every week the machinery is inspected, and the reports as to its condition are printed and filed. In the case of a danger building needing to be repaired it must first be washed out before a hammer or other iron tool is admitted to it.

TWO GREAT SALES NOW GOING ON.

Our January Sale Of  
MUSLIN UNDERWEAR  
Our Mark-Down Sale Of  
WINTER JACKETS.

BIG MONEY CAN BE SAVED BY TAKING  
ADVANTAGE OF THESE SALES.

LEWIS E. STAPLES,  
7 Market Street.

## A DRUGGIST

Nowadays...

Not only must have a complete knowledge of drugs, but to sell pure drugs he must know their adulterations; he must know just what to look for. We have that knowledge. We sell pure drugs and are careful.

Goodwin E. Philbrick  
Franklin Block,  
Portsmouth, N. H.

## REAL ESTATE OWNERS.

As the care and management of Rentable Real Estate is a prominent feature in my business, and having already a large line of houses owned by residents and non-residents, rented to good and prompt paying tenants. I am prepared to increase this branch of my business to any extent. The owners interest in all property placed in my hands will be carefully guarded. My personal attention is given in securing desirable Tenants and your patronage is solicited.

TOBEY'S  
Real Estate Agency,  
32 Congress Street,

Fire Insurance, Auctioneer and Surveyor,

The scarcity and continued high price of Havana tobacco has had no effect on the quantity of

THE CELEBRATED

# 7-20-4

10 CENT CIGARS.  
They have always maintained their high standard. Strictly hand-made. Sumatra wrapped and long Havana filler. For sale by all first-class dealers.

At Wholesale in Portsmouth by

FRED S. WEADELL, J. H. SWETT,  
Dear and Market Sts. Bridge St.

R. C. SULLIVAN,  
MANUFACTURER,  
Manchester, N. H.

## Stoddard's Stable

HAS BEEN FITTED OUT WITH  
NEW CARRIAGES.

You can get the handiest and most comfortable turn-out in the state at

STODDARD'S.

NEW BACKS, FOR WEDDINGS AND  
OTHER PARTIES

THE EPHONIA 1-2.

SALE AND LIVERY BUSINESS

## THE HERALD.

TUESDAY, JAN. 23, 1900.

### CITY BRIEFS.

It remains quiet in police circles. There is a full in shipping circles. Quo Vadis went to Bideford from this city.

The electric railroad must be built to Newcastle.

Today has been one of the finest days of the winter.

Skating parties were numerous on Monday evening.

Welsh rare-bit parties are all the go in this city just now.

Next week will be a lively one for the Portsmouth playgoers.

The Delapoons have got one of the fastest hockey teams in town.

The visit of Bryan will probably put a little new life in the local democracy.

County politics seem to be making up a large part of the conversation of late.

Conner, photographer studio, (formerly Nickerson's), No. 1 Congress street.

Just as soon as fresh sleighing comes, there will be renewed sport on the speedway.

The special services at the Methodist church, for this week, will commence this evening.

The interest in the games in the city bowling league continues to be enthusiastic.

In less than ten weeks five hundred men will probably be employed on the new dry dock.

There will be a meeting of Canton Senter, P. M., this evening to consider important business.

The "S. G." Londres is made of the choicest stock and is the best ten cent cigar in the market.

A pair of lodgers comprised the inmates of the cell room at the police station, Monday night.

A large crowd of skaters took full advantage of the good ice on the South pond, Monday evening.

There is a prospect that this winter's snow bills will be more moderate than for the past year or two.

Major W. L. Fisk is preparing for a great rush of work on the harbor fortifications the coming spring.

Rubber heels become very popular and John G. Mott is fitting out the local public with an excellent article.

The only social event of any importance this week is the Piscataqua dance in Penrice hall, Thursday evening.

The Knights of Columbus are to have a social entertainment and dance on Tuesday evening, February 30th.

Ayers and Churchill defeated Micott and Ward, twenty to three, in the Warner whist tournament, Monday evening.

One of the best concert programmes ever given in this city is being prepared for the Scheda benefit, on the evening of February 15th.

Not many New England cities outside of Boston will be privileged to see Sag Harbor. Portsmouth is one of the fortunate few.

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SALE AND LIVERY BUSINESS

## SAG HARBOR COMING.

This Brilliant Success to be at Music Hall, Feb. 1.

Sag Harbor closed its brilliant run of four months at the Park theatre, Saturday night. No play of recent seasons has proved a more honest or more popular success than this latest dramatic creation of the author-actor, James A. Herne.

Mr. Herne and his fine company of artists were given royal testimony of appreciation last night by a fashionable Boston audience that crowded the Park theatre almost to overflowing. At the end of the play an ovation was accorded the star and his associate players, and Mr. Herne came before the curtain to voice the thanks and farewell of himself and of his company.

Sag Harbor now commences a short tour of New England, and all signs promise the same enthusiastic reception and prosperous patronage in the favored towns that Mr. Herne and his exquisite play have enjoyed throughout their long sojourn in Boston.

The beautiful album presented by the management was received last night with delight by every lady in the big audience. It proved a handsome and popular souvenir.

At least a part of the route of Sag Harbor will be interesting to our many readers who have not been able to go to Boston to see this great success, it is to be as follows: Jan. 22d, Lynn; 23d Brockton; 24th Woonsocket; 25th Holyoke; 26th and 27th Springfield (three performances); 29th Haverhill; 30th and 31st Lowell; Feb. 1st Portsmouth; 2d and 3d Portland; the week of Feb. 5th will be played at the Providence Opera house in Providence, R. I., etc.

### ADDED TO THE FARM.

After Kingmond made his sensational season on the track it was only natural that Frank Jones should look about for the dam of such a wonderful trotter. He was fortunate in that she went under the hammer last fall and his manager, Daniel Mahaney, got her for a reasonable price. She is now at home in the brood mare barn at Portsmouth and will be bred to that wonderful colt Idolita, Rosamond, dam of Kingmond, by Ted Wilkes and stands about 15.2 hands. Especially about the neck and head her resemblance to Kingmond is most to be noted, and there is every indication that she has a bright future before her, as she is but 11 years old.

Boston Herald.

Chief Boatswain W. L. Hill, U. S. N., attached to this navy yard, is to shortly deliver his lecture "The part the U. S. S. Brooklyn Took in the War With Spain," under the auspices of the Young People's Christian Union connected with the Universalist church.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Arthur M. Ross of the civil engineer corps at the navy yard, son of Commander Albert Ross, U. S. N., and Miss Margaret H. Kennedy of Warrington, Vt., daughter of past assistant surgeon Robert M. Kennedy. The wedding is to take place in June.

It has been decided to haul the Dahlberg gun on January 29th.

Sixty workmen now take their dinners regularly at the yard cafe.

Two new lieutenants are to be ordered to the marine barracks here.

The move to have a war ship built here is liable to surprise some with its success.

Master Shipwright A. N. Stevenson has returned from a trip to the Boston navy yard.

It will be for the family when the rooms have been all newly decorated and made attractive and costly by artistic and handsome wall papers. We have a most artistic stock of fine wall papers. Linenrugs, Waltons, friezes, ceiling decorations and tile effects for bath rooms that will make your home a paradise at small cost.

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